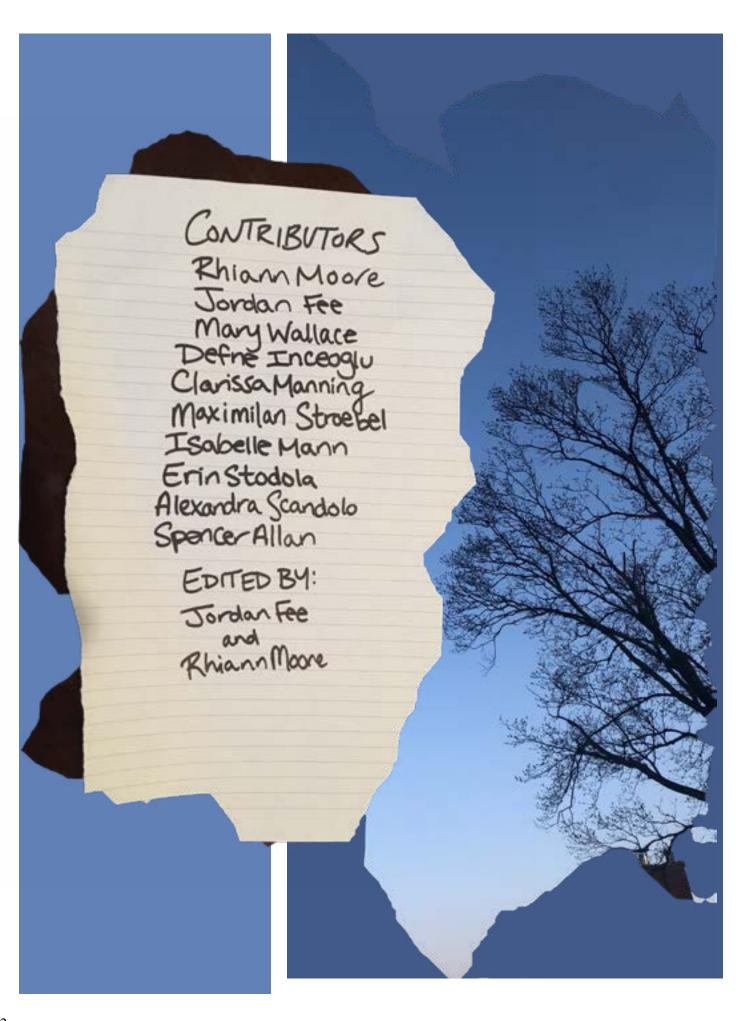
### NICE ENOUGH

**Issue #1: THE QUARANZINE** 



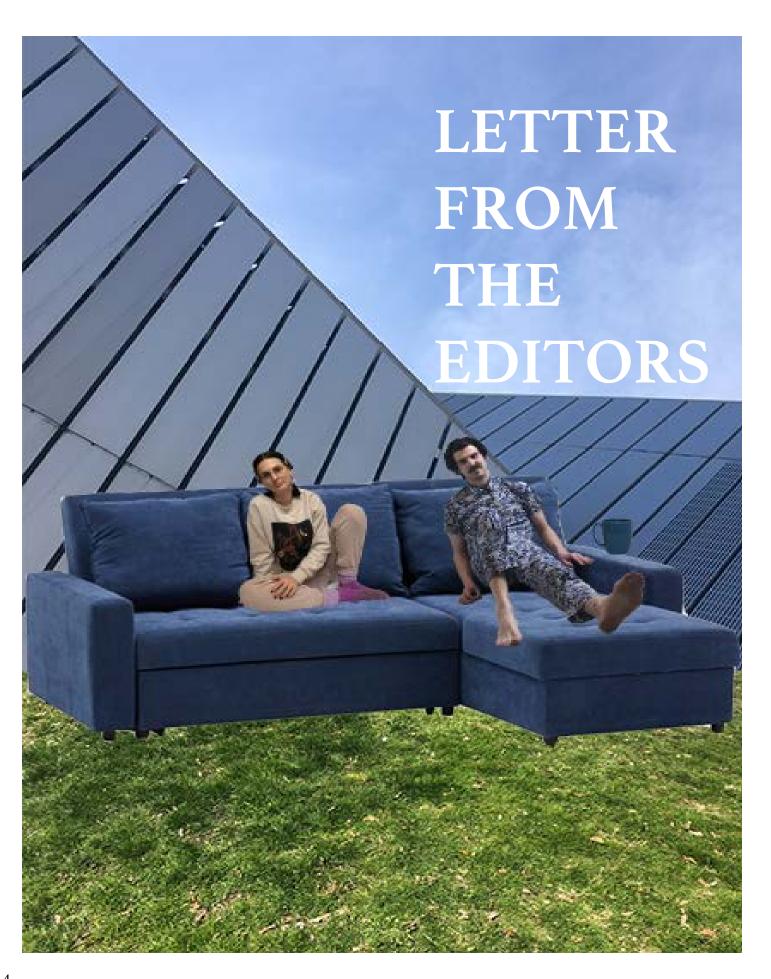






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Greetings, from the big blue couch in Parkdale. How exactly are you? We're doing okay! Could be better, could be worse.

We made this little zine for the viewing pleasure of our friends, co-workers and contributors - along with giving ourselves the promise of purpose when we wake up each morning (although that implies that we worked on this tirelessly every day, which we categorically did not). "Many" days were spent on this couch making collages, writing little poems and pestering friends to send us anything and everything that they have created in this time. While also being sensitive to the fact that creating during a global pandemic is neither a requirement, nor an expectation.

The idea for whatever this is came to be in the early days of self-isolation, before we really understand the concept. After more than a few drinks, we simply couldn't resist trying our hand at a format that we've both always enjoyed consuming together. We had absolutely no idea what it would look like until we started making it, and even as we write this, we still have a few serious gaps to fill. Luckily, if you're reading this, it means that we have done so in a manner that is at least somewhat successful.

For the record, we have both had

remarkably different experiences during this pandemic. One of us works part time at a specialty butcher shop (Jordan), while the other works in film and has no "work from home" option. This has left us at somewhat of a crossroads, as we tend to have vastly different perceptions of what is normal versus what is abnormal. We believe that the content that we have produced is reflective of this duality.

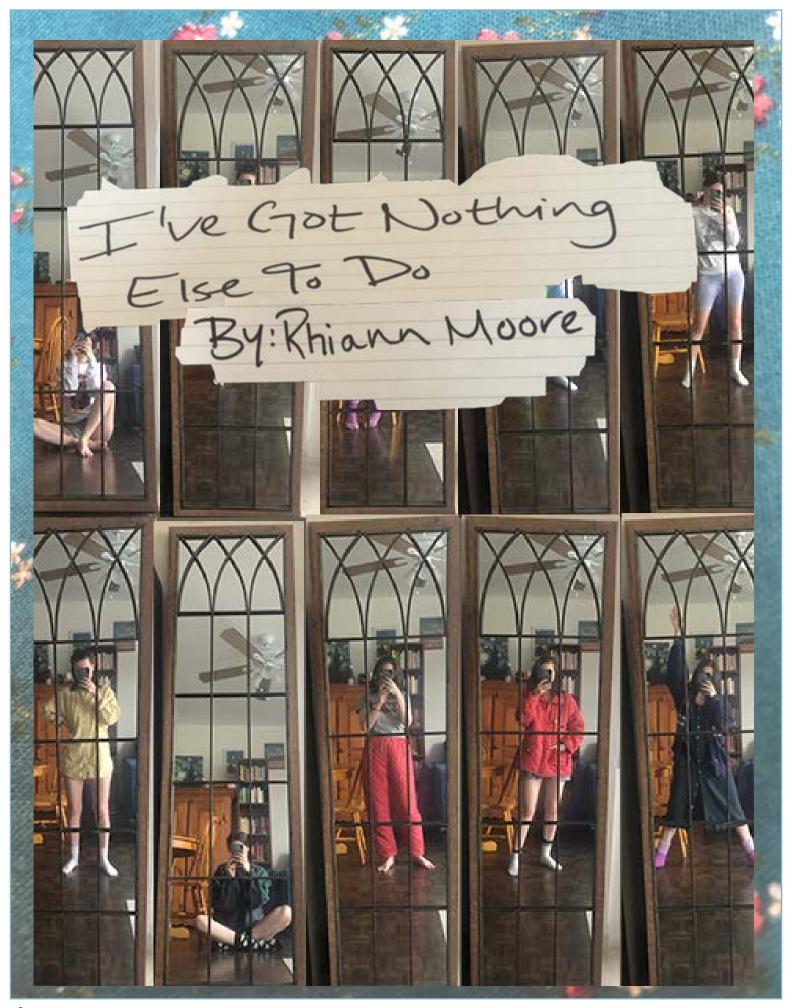
The constant struggle throughout these times has been the question of productivity and processing. Is being productive a healthy way to cope, or are we really sidestepping the larger ramifications of a global health crisis by distracting ourselves? Ultimately, our goal was to find ways to connect with the people that we couldn't see, to create without pressure and see where we ended up. We joked consistently throughout the process that we were comfortable with nothing coming from the idea, but we're sure glad to see that something did. Past this page, you will find the beautiful creations of a few friends who are connected by their inability to connect.

We hope you enjoy it.

-JORDAN AND RHIANN







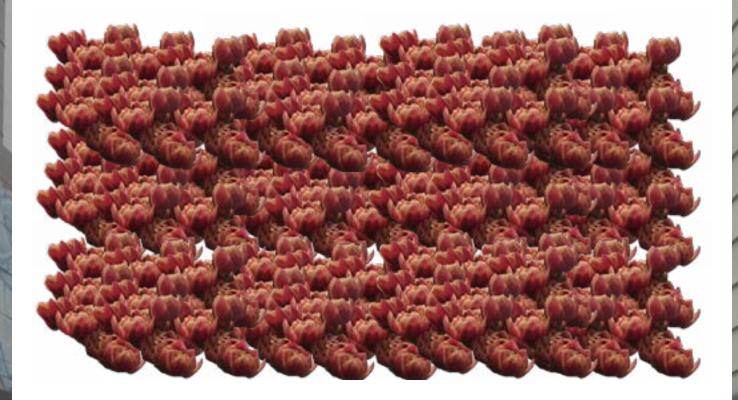
I have a bad habit of starting to write things and not finishing them. I start with an idea and when I fail to formulate a proper ending I usually just let things drop lest I look back and cringe at my incomplete thoughts. Often this happens because I'm between work, and then when I get a new job the excuse of leaving thoughts unfinished is justified because I don't have the time.

I can't really say that right now, because I'm not in between jobs. I have a job. I was about to finish it, and a few weeks before the last day everything changed. It wasn't overnight, but it sure felt that way. Things shifted little by little – far away and then closer, touching everyone else but me and then, touching me. In a way it's felt like only a few days, but in other ways I feel like time has lost all meaning and I've been in this cycle for an eternity. Trying to make a schedule, then failing to follow it. Setting alarms that I turn off halfway through the night because I can't fall asleep. Setting goals that I can't meet. Meeting some small goals and finding pockets of happiness in accomplishment. I'm trying not to look too far ahead.

For a while now I have let productivity be the arbitrator of my confidence. Ever since university, whenever I'm

not in the midst of a hectic schedule, I have found that I spiral frequently and freely. I would lose self-esteem because I had gained so much from the feeling of being productive. No matter how I felt being busy, I felt worse with nothing to do. The empty days forced me to confront things I wasn't ready to. That I wasn't necessarily as social as I should be, that I wasn't taking the time to nurture my personal creativity and master my chosen outlets (hello, half-finished essays).

Fast-forward to now. The midst of a global pandemic. Where I'm left with time I can explain to myself. My lack of work does not make me a failure - it is the situation myself and many others are in at the moment. I do put pressure on myself to do many projects every day and sporadically I may or may not do them. Trying to better myself in ways that will help me advance in my career when it comes back, if it ever does come back. I see people I admire on social media saying that I don't need to feel the pressure to 'make the most of a global pandemic', but like all advice - I acknowledge the truth of it but refuse to relate it to myself. Sure, that may be true for some people but I will use my time. And in some ways I have been (look, I'm making a zine!). The issue seems to be that even when I'm



doing things, there is still ample time to zone out to Love Island (there are like 50 episodes per season) on the couch. I'm not doing anything wrong, but everything still doesn't feel right. I guess when you spend your time using other people to justify your worth it gets harder to find that within yourself. With no return to work on the foreseeable horizon, I'm forced to confront certain aspects of myself that I would normally avoid.

Only I'm not really confronting myself; I'm going through the motions, some days better than others. But I haven't felt a ton of happiness nor a ton of sadness either. The days are starting to zip and blend together and each time I get closer and closer to skipping my (careful, socially distant)

walk around the block.

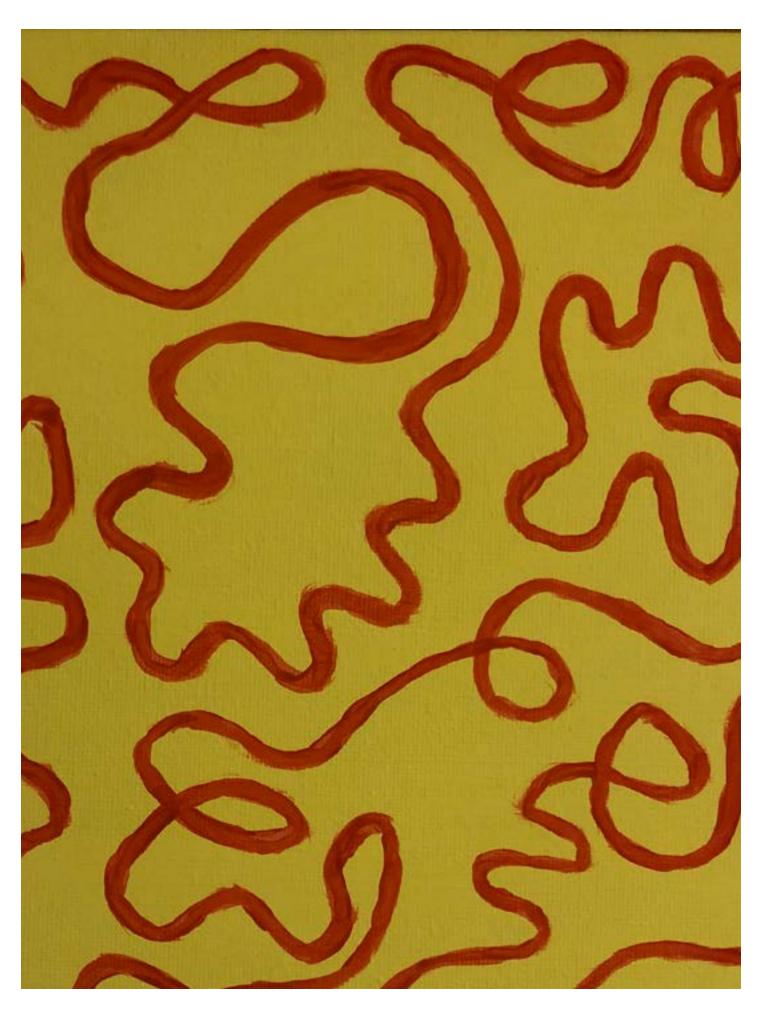
I have a recurring nightmare any time I'm getting close to a day or event I've been anticipating. I get locked in a closet, bathroom stall, lost in a hallway, etc. and I altogether miss what I had so long been waiting for. I desperately try to find my way out to the huge moment that's supposed to enlighten my life, and I miss it and it's my fault for missing it. I don't think it's a deep seeded form of FOMO. I think it comes from the sensation of spending my life waiting for that little click that will let me live in my movie montage happy ending. When I was a kid I desperately wanted to move to a better house with a better room that would allow me to be my best self. That would make everything

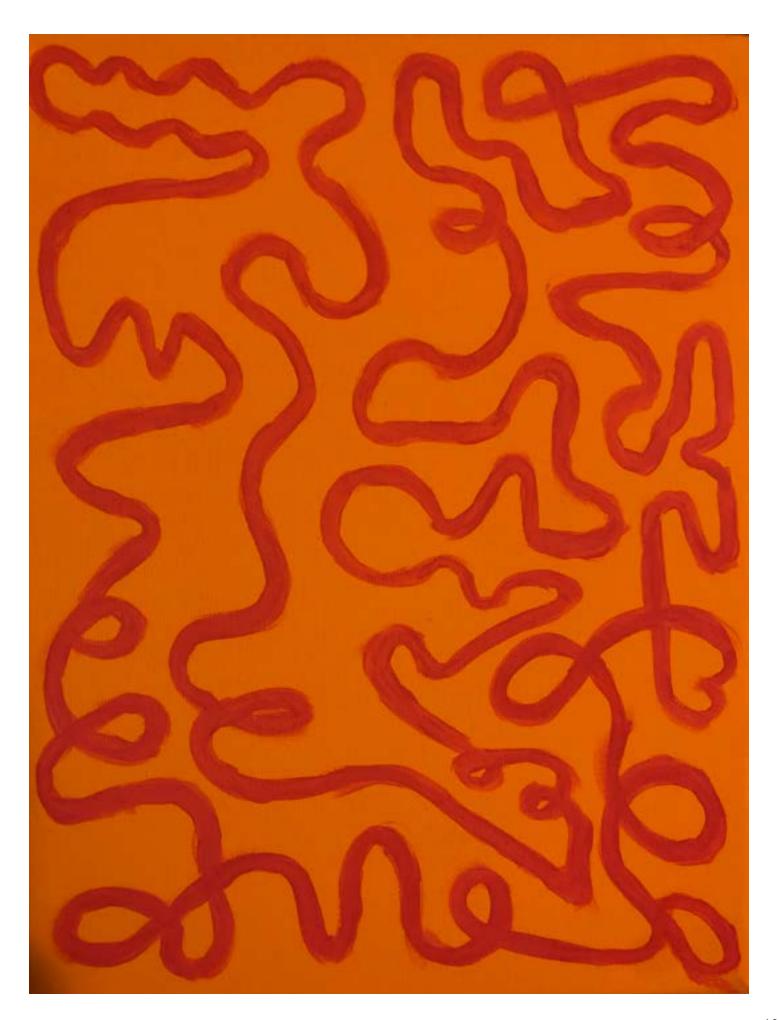
come together. I wanted to be richer; I still want to be richer. In university I wanted good grades and I got them. Post-grad I wanted to make good money and not hate my job, it took time, but I got it. I always wanted a real partner in life and for the past 4 years I've had one. All these boxes I thought that if I ticked, life would become somehow more sparkly. I kept ticking boxes and finding that every time there was another box, this would be the one, once I ticked it everything would work.

I think it comes down to a fundamental need to understand that I should become content with a little dissatisfaction. Because what I've learned in a time where I'm forced to either create purpose or accept my lack thereof is that ambition and striving is more satisfying then actually having everything I want. Sometimes when I online shop, putting together the basket is more thrilling then actually ordering the items. It makes sense because life is a journey; it's not a results-based situation.

I'm not sure how to end this because I'm not sure how this ends. But in the allotted time, however long it might be, I think the trick might be learning to forgive myself. Forgive myself for being lazy, forgive myself for not being lazy. Forgive myself for comparing myself to others and judging myself and then judging others. Everybody handles times of crisis differently and if my way of handling it is sporadic, illogical and a little sloppy that's okay. If nothing else at least this particular piece is finished (or is it).







## ALBUMS FOR SOLATED LISTENING

Alright folks, despite what you've heard, it just doesn't seem like things are going to go back to normal anytime soon. I'm not sure what the word normal means in this sense but getting together with your friends over the next few months (sans Zoom) might be a little difficult. So, I thought I would provide you all with some music to listen to during these times of social isolation. Some of these records are new, although most are not. Please forgive me for that.

-Jordan

### I. CHARLES AZNAVOUR - HIER...ENCORE

Do you speak French? IT DOESN'T MATTER because the sheer beauty of this man's voice and the strings that accompany it are enough to send you on a trip to the countryside in autumn, just at the moment when the leaves are changing their colours. Or MAYBE it's the best damn thing to listen to while the world turns green around you (just make sure something's changing, okay?)! Try to just forget about the fact that you may or may not actually know the meaning of what he's saying. Trust me; it's quite beautiful.



### 2. SUPERTRAMP - CRIME OF THE CENTURY

If you know me, then you are most likely aware that I believe this album to be suitable for every situation. HOWEVER I think it is particularly fitting right now, when everything seems to be crumbling around us. I mean, come on; Hide in Your Shell is basically an anthem for self-isolation, and the frightfully absurd moments in songs like Rudy capture some of the more bizarre aspects of this situation. In any case, I think that this one should be enjoyed on a slightly chilly day, when going outside doesn't even really seem like an option. And what else are you doing, really?



### 3. GILBERTO GIL - LUAR

Aside from the fact that Gilberto Gil is one of the coolest mother-fuckers to have ever lived, you should listen to this album for the incredible energy that it exudes. This is the album that you listen to on the day when you feel like moving around your apartment in a manner that might resemble the way that you danced at those parties last summer when everything wasn't so damn weird. There are a few slower moments here, but for the most part, this thing is like a beautiful mural glowing in the light of the sun of a bright summer's day.



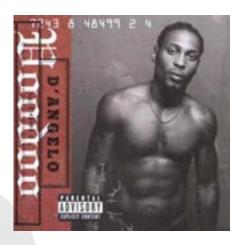
### 4. THE POSTAL SERVICE - GIVE UP

Alright, alright, before you start thinking "oh wow this guy has trash music taste", please pause for a second and hear me out.. Coming from a guy who did not listen to Death Cab for Cutie when I was younger, this to me is the definitive Ben Gibbard album. And I don't even know what that means. All I know is that this album is perfect for rainy day listening, especially on a day when you're feeling a little fuzzier than usual.



### 5. D'ANGELO - VOODOO

If you have not listened to this album already then DROP EV-ERYTHING THAT YOU ARE DOING AND DO SO NOW. Certainly one of the greatest records of all time, this one is perfect for stay-at-home living. Providing smooth rhythms to your day, letting your head bob a little bit, and taking in the angelic tones of D'Angelo. Most would probably consider this one pretty sexy, and this is absolutely true. Go ahead and watch the music video for "How Does It Feel" and tell me that ISN'T the best thing that you've ever seen in your lifetime.



### 6. BENNY SINGS - ART

Benny Sings is somewhat of a recent find for me, but I could not be more pleased with this discovery. This album in particular is perfect for the late afternoon, just as the sun has passed it's apex in the sky. The beautiful golden glow shining in from the window, combined with the lazy-yet-upbeat baselines and drums, are absolutely perfect for an indoor dance party.\* Whether It's you and your partner, your roomies or if you're flying solo, this one is great for grooving.



\*Pro tip: Follow it up with Gilberto Gil's Luar for an EXTENDED indoor dance party

### 7. CORTEX - LA TROUPEAU BLEU

More beautiful French music! Only this time, straight from the source. The first record from this oft-sampled band is pure jazz-funk heroin, and the haunting vocals serve to top-off what is already an incredibly head-turning experience. I have always loved the way the drums come in on the opening song, and I can honestly say that if you skip a single song on this album, then you are no longer my friend. I'm sorry, it just won't work between us.



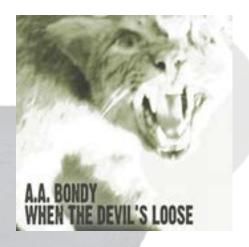
### 8. BOBBI HUMPHREY - BLACKS AND BLUES

Maybe it's just this time of the year (rainy, windy etc.), but this one was surprisingly fitting for our current situation. Waking up in the morning and cooking some eggs to this album is a recipe for a top-notch day, even if you're bored and unemployed. Jazzy flute jabs, peppered with some unforgettable mantra-like chants ("Harlem river drive, going for a ride") make for what I could only refer to as a meditative experience. I've been watching the trees sway against the slate grey sky, and this album has often been my companion in those moments.



### 9. A.A. BONDY - WHEN THE DEVIL'S LOOSE

This record is one that I had not heard in years, but I find that I've been returning to it again and again during this period of social isolation. I suppose it's not too strange that I've essentially been self-medicating with things that are familiar to me. Being one of the less uplifting recommendations that I've provided, this one is good for a day when you just want to lie on the ground and stare at the ceiling (or is it only me who does that?) I'm not entirely sure if everyone feels this way, but on some days, I just want to embrace the mundanity of this whole situation.



### 10. KING KRULE - THE OOZ

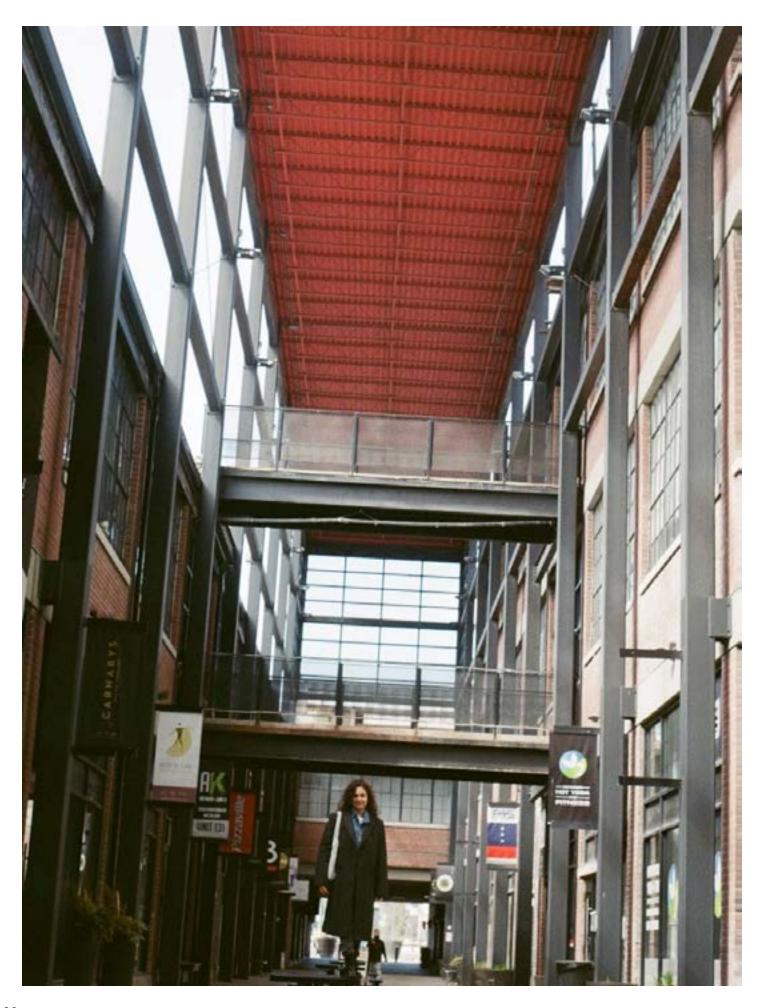
Although my personal favourite record from this artists is his debut, Six Feet Beneath the Moon, this album seems particularly fitting for this particular moment. Time feels like it's moving at an almost mysterious pace, and the changes on this album – genre, tempo, key etc. – feel the exact same way. Perhaps you should listen to this one while you're out for a long walk. While I cannot relate, I would imagine that listening to this album at dusk somewhere in nature would be quite moving, if not slightly haunting.

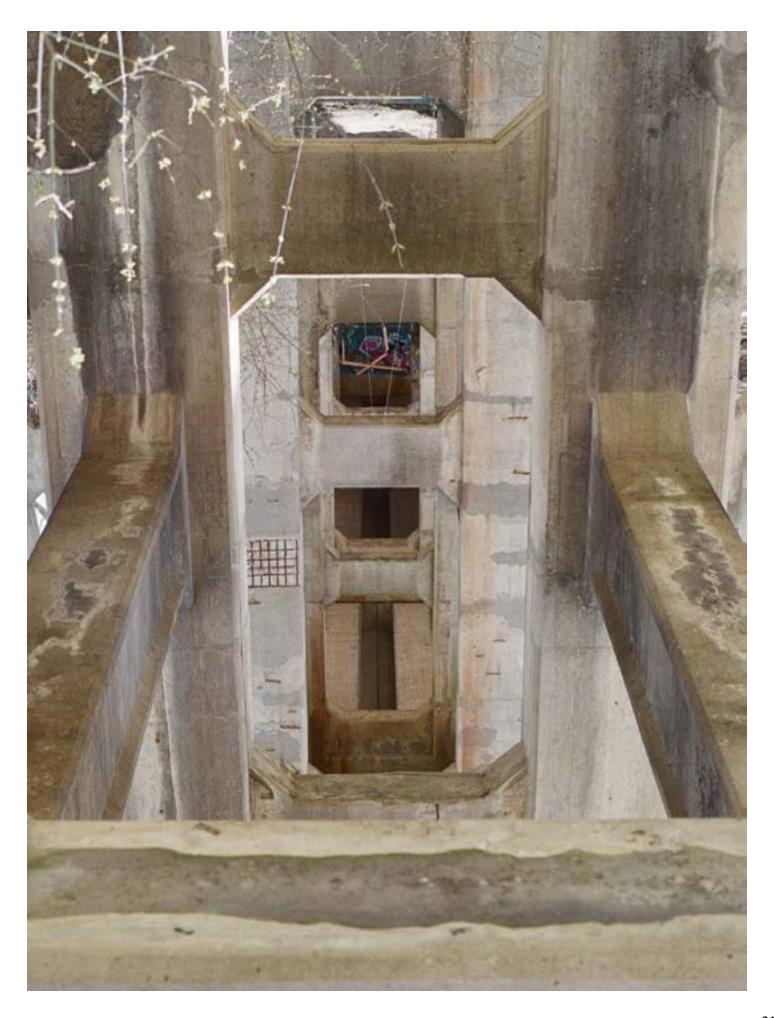






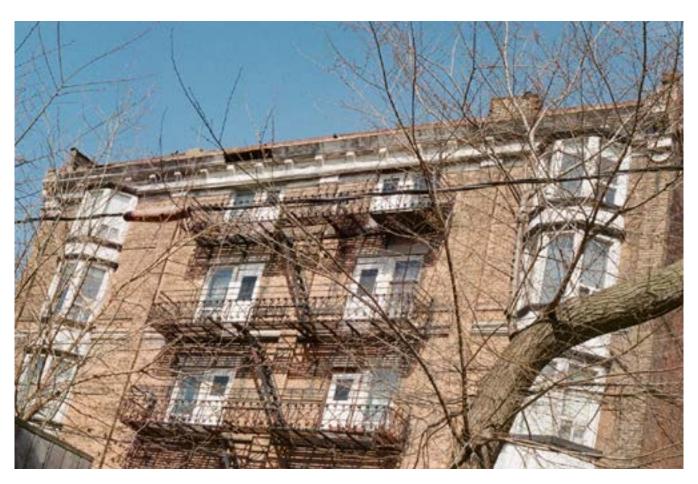




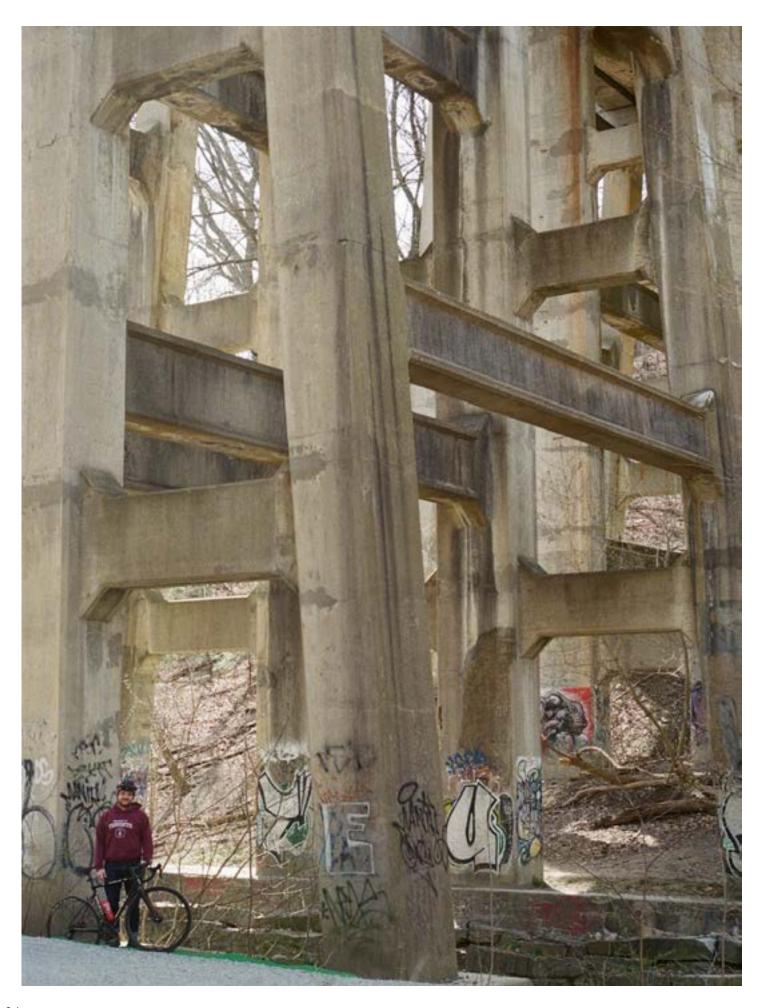


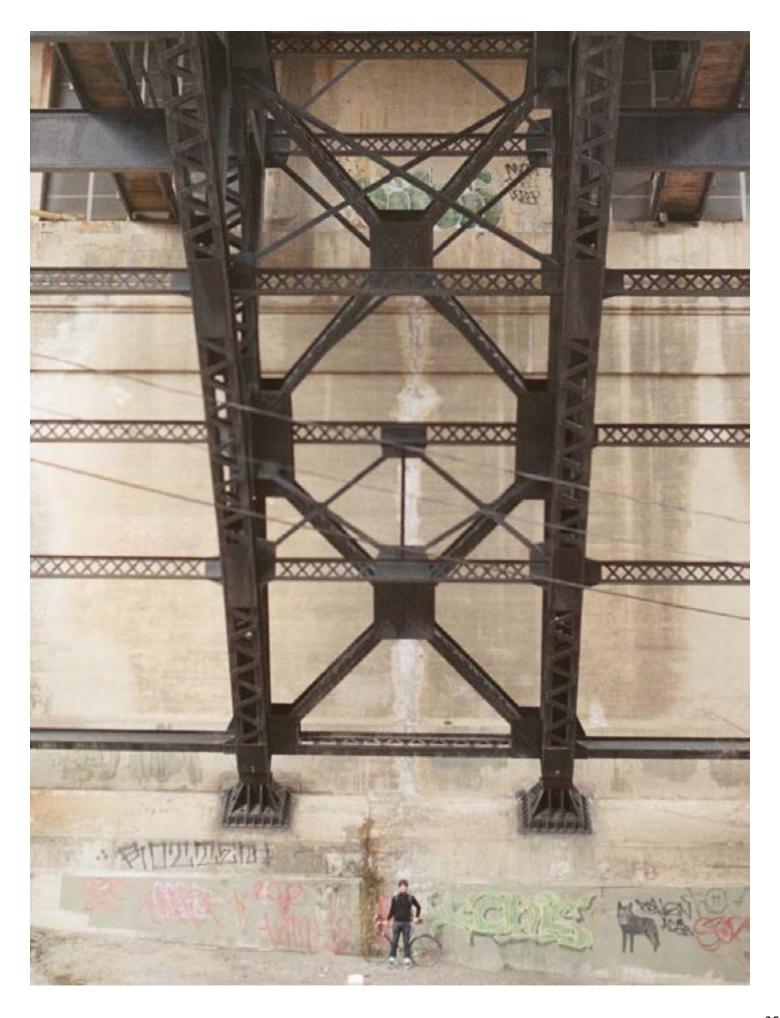








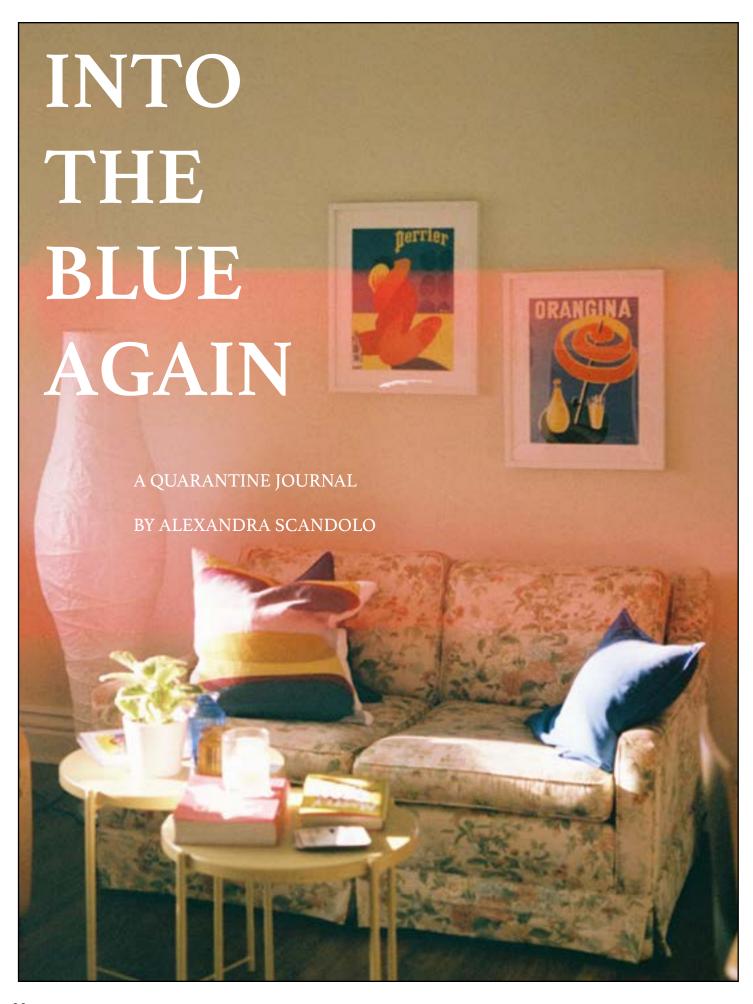












### March 17, 2020 - Day 4

### 11:37pm

Alex is in lockdown right now and I have been home (save for the unanticipated last class of my degree) since Thursday (it's Tuesday). In all honesty, I'm scared things won't be resolved quickly and I fear the worst for my future plans. Everything will be okay, everyone is in the same boat. I miss Alex so much, but this is nothing new for us. I want to do something for him; I've been reading anything I can find about Paris to feel close by.

I took a few minutes to breath in and out. So, what's important right now? Loved ones. Protect them. Call them.

### March 21, 2020 - Day 8

The days this year are passing by so quickly. Even a full week inside felt like no time at all. I feel more rooted now? My plans have been tossed in the air, but I think I am okay with it because everyone around me seems to be feeling this tide turn in the same way. I wonder what happens next incessantly, almost obsessively. I have spent a good deal of the morning hours lurking online, letting the media grip me by the shoulders and the worries fall over me.

I am now thinking of my dream summer and what that could look like. A coastal sabbatical to read and sunbathe. Cold drinks in the evenings and warm coffee outside in the mornings. Those reddish sunsets you never seen in the winters. Karaoke (even if I think I hate it) and dancing all night long. Cigarettes in front of bars or out the windows at parties. Family days, relaxing in the ways you only can around your relatives. Wishing you weren't bored but knowing it will never get better than this.

### March 24, 2020 - Day II

### 5:42pm

While I journal by hand, I find that the words that come out there are much more panicked, vulnerable, and often times condensed in order to save my hand from hurting. Turning back to the computer screen that I am often chained to feels like a better way to get down everything that is happening right now and how I am absorbing it as time goes on. Maybe as a way to differentiate the days and reflect as they pass. We are not locked down, but I have already been confining myself for days.

I deleted Twitter off my phone and then reduced the number of notifications from the publications I freshly subscribed to, anticipating (almost presciently) a new start of my news-awareness. I felt fine last week and then all of a sudden, one headline grips me and makes me wonder if it will ever be okay. I thought maybe a month. I keep reading things saying longer.



I'm debating if I should leave the city and the guilt of even thinking of it. I've been clenching my jaw for days.

### April 8, 2020 - Day 26

### 8:22am

Writing twenty-six out after counting it out on a calendar felt shocking. Twenty-six. I don't have much to show for it except a flurry of blurred days and a way of talking about current events to make myself feel better for feeling worse.

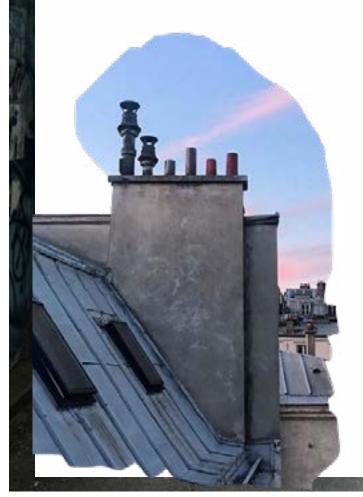
I know I am certainly not experiencing the brunt of this, but it feels





cruel being away from Alex during this time. The spring—though not my preferred season—is our time. It's selfish to be concerned about that, but when being alone in your head and in your apartment, there is a benign pleasure in imagining what you would have been doing in this moment instead. Then there's a moment of peace of just thinking that there's nothing I could have done about it.

Everyone told to be still and stable while everything shifts below our feet.



### April 11, 2020 - Day 28

### 8:17pm

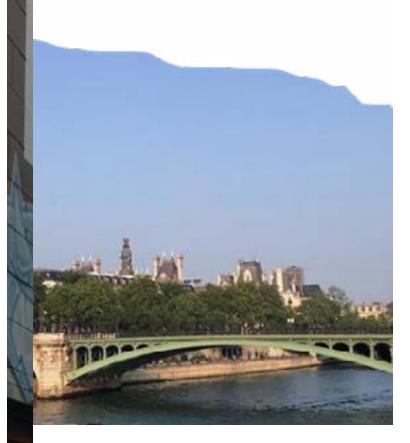
Heather made a running playlist of songs to listen to while we clean the apartment or wash dishes. A blissful compilation of earwormy songs.

Letting the days go by, let the water hold me down
Letting the days go by, water flowing underground
Into the blue again after the money's gone

### April 20, 2020 - Day 38

### 10:05am

There has been a strange sensation of crumbling around me. Watching my plans and hopes slip quietly through



my fingers while I experiment with a lifestyle I never thought I would have. My friends asked us how we're doing over a call yesterday and I mentioned how I feel at peace with the situation.

It felt overwhelming at first, now it is just the new normal. I might lose my job this week. Or the next. Or not at all.

### April 28, 2020 - Day 46

Nothing seems to get truly done in quarantine, everyday resets like

Groundhog Day. Everyone says right now is not about productivity and I agree—yet, I do feel like the repetitiveness is teaching me something new every day about myself.

I was with Alex a year ago for the longest amount of time we spent together. I felt the endless possibilities for the year that followed. I remember his friends talking about plans for that coming July and that feeling far away—I remember a sinking in my chest knowing we would spend another summer apart. I was supposed to finish my degree and feel "free," I imagined my first Parisian summer being within reach by this year. I never anticipated being locked out from that, but I'm almost surprised by how I have handled it. Maybe I'm learning patience. July 2020 is far but we're all moving at the same pace now. Slowly. At ease. I fear I'm going to lose all semblance of purpose soon. What do I want, though?

May 2, 2020 - Day 50

### 9:25pm

I watched my parents make their grocery list tonight now that I've returned home; my mom doing what I did in weeks prior—writing a rough draft then rewriting to organize it in the order of the grocery store. Produce, deli, dried goods, dairy. I barely wrote grocery lists before this. When I did, I often forgot about in the pocket of my coat or at the bottom of my bag.

I think grocery stores became a place that I would kill time when I lived in France because it was something I always struggled to do alone. French supermarkets are more beautiful than they need to be. I miss being greeted by specials on champagne, perfumed body lotions, and chocolate! I found those aisles so calming. I think it was because I could get lost in learning each new product I came across—I remember the first time I bought Corsican tangerines with stems after taking pictures of them, dumbfounded by how nice they were.

I used to feel stressed by shopping for my groceries in university. I always was unsure what I wanted to buy or cook, I panicked when the cashier would tell me my total and I still struggled with my reusable bags, and I would only realize by the time I got home that I forgot what I meant to buy. I somehow jumped from a fear of grocery stores to obsessively loitering, but after all of this I feel back to square one. The experience in the store was fine, but it's the fact that I could barely bring myself to pass by the store that breaks my heart. The joy is gone without I turning an apple over in my hand or lingering in an aisle to read the packaging,





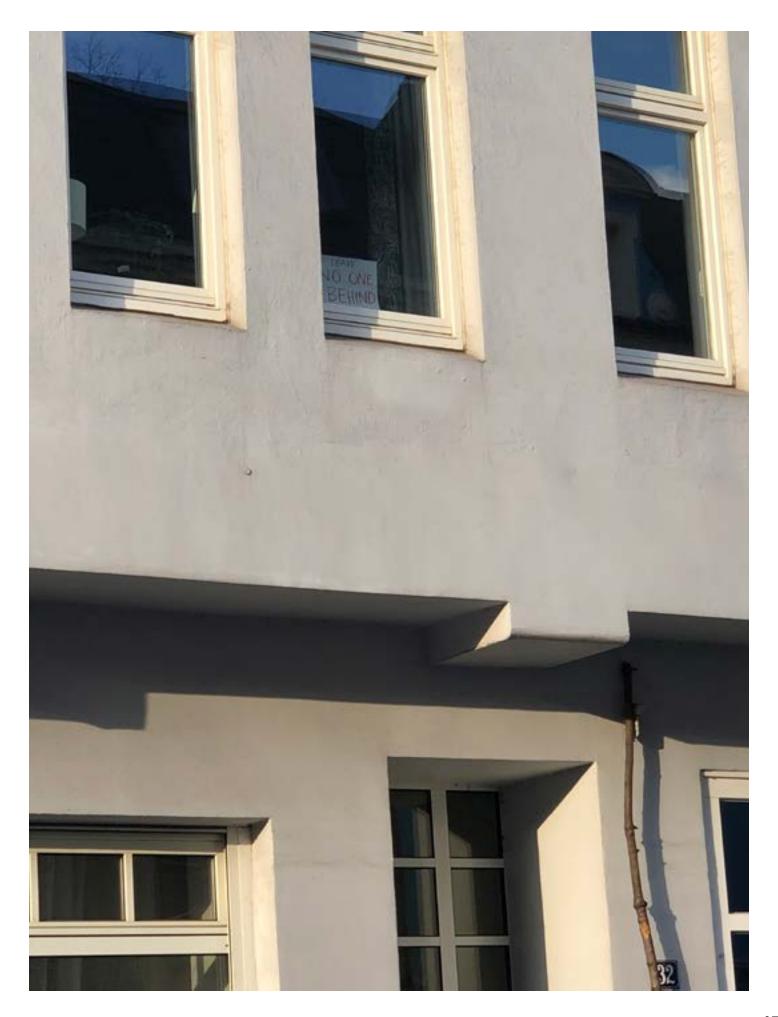
# OREIGN F, N

Hi Jordan,

Here they are - we went on another walk yesterday and took some photos. Basically it looks quite normal, except for the fact that if you look closer - everyone is actually keeping distance of 2 Meters. The weather is nicer now so pretty much everyone is outside and as playgrounds are closed kids and parents are kind of building their own, painting with chalk on the streets. Most overwhelming I think is the solidarity towards those that don't have a permanent home. As people being kept just outside the European borders (that's the #leavenoonebehind) there are many petitions and donations around now and the homeless in Hamburg can pick up clothes and groceries from ropes in parks where people donate as official initiatives had to stop providing help due to Corona. My feeling about this is that most of Hamburg is still very optimistic! I hope Toronto is too.

Best,

Isabelle & Max



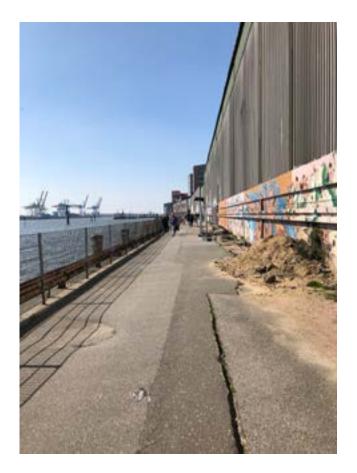










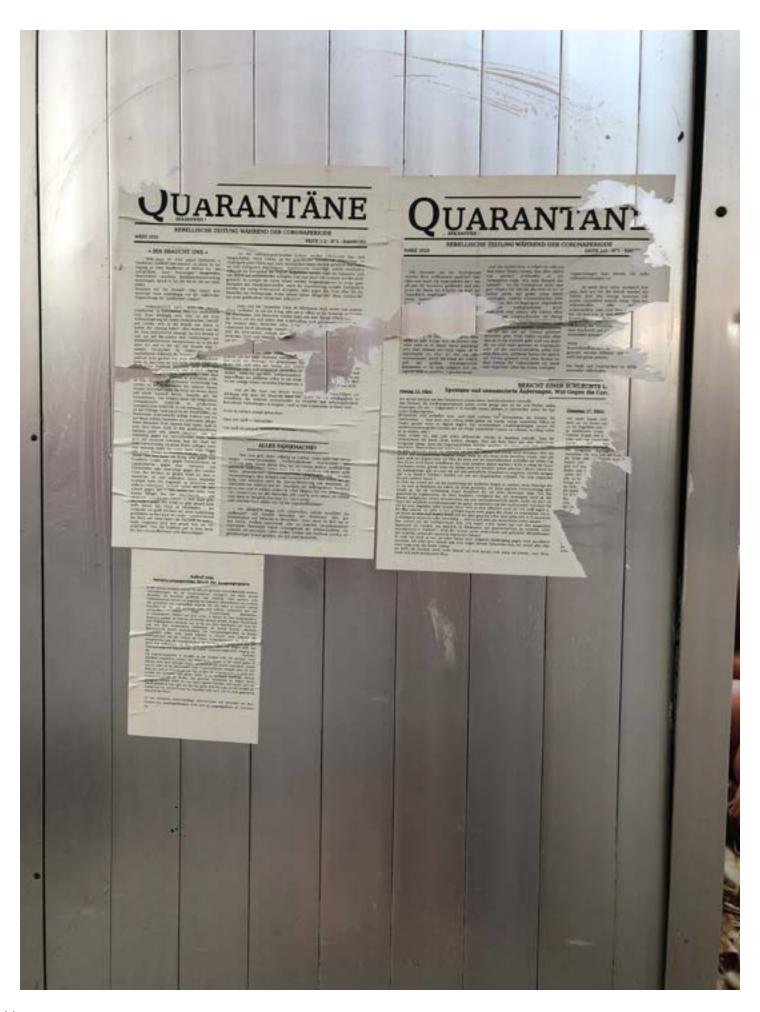








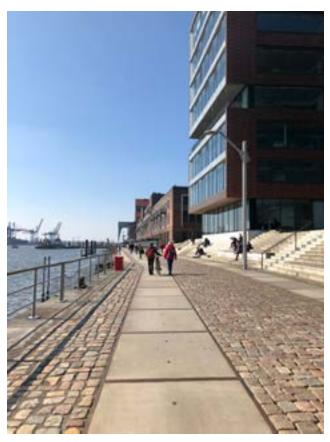






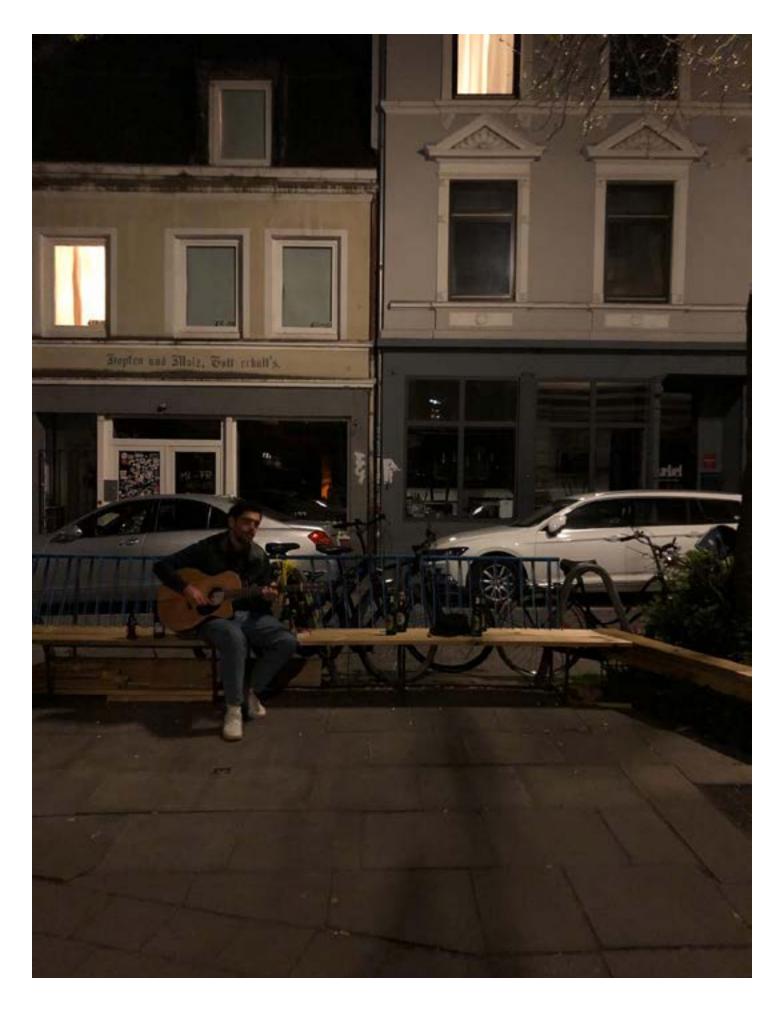








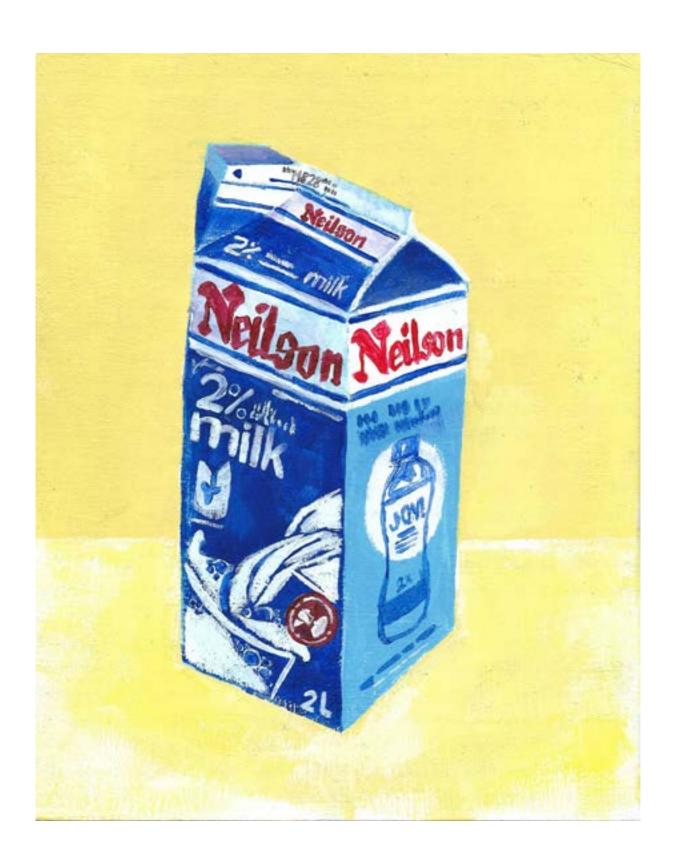




# D A S E ND E

## ESSENTIALS Paintings and words by Mary Wallace

Over the past few weeks, and probably for the next few months, I've been thinking about the things that I need, consume and possess. I've always known that these things are limited, that resources are not infinite, but lately I've felt a real sense of loss every time I use something up. I spend more time than ever looking at the ordinary things in my home and wondering how long it will be before I have to learn to live without them. Painting these still lives requires me to spend a considerable amount of time looking at everyday objects and appreciating every detail of them, it's surprisingly therapeutic. Since I can't buy new canvases right now, I painted this series on top of old paintings I didn't like very much. I still have plenty of old paintings to cover but who knows, I may paint over these ones eventually as well.







### **Isolate**

## A Poem by Defne Inceoglu

T

The microwave is set and by proxy I am filled with crackling metallic heat - my molars feel the vibrations as I lay in bed to the sound of your scuffling about, slippers on hard wood floors.

H

Things have been fine, or mostly easy as I shove down panic through denial or whiskey - without either I am up staring at the sky from my window until I hear birds chirping and dark blue skies.

III

I am reminded of a cold handed Lysol wipe which has consumed my being, this device has decided whether I live or die, if you live or die, so I must rely upon it. I am in debt to it.

IV

Sometimes I mistake my raggedy breath for a lot of things, most likely a fearful notion of the end of my life but also maybe an overreaction - I hate what this has done to me and I can hardly catch my breath for reasons other than I am infected.

V

I listen to your breath in the night time, obsessively tracking each up and down of your chest as I fear to hear the faint rattle or crackle of a serious problem. I live in regret that I had you fetch groceries without me last week.



が、これには、一般に

### Thoughts from the Patio During a Global Pandemic

A Poem by Clarissa Manning

To leaf
To tab
This is how we'll get through
At least that's what I tell myself
Wash it down with wine

I have sad days
I can't wave to friends through windows anymore
It makes me,
Well,
Sad.
It's a little brighter if they come to the alley behind my patio.

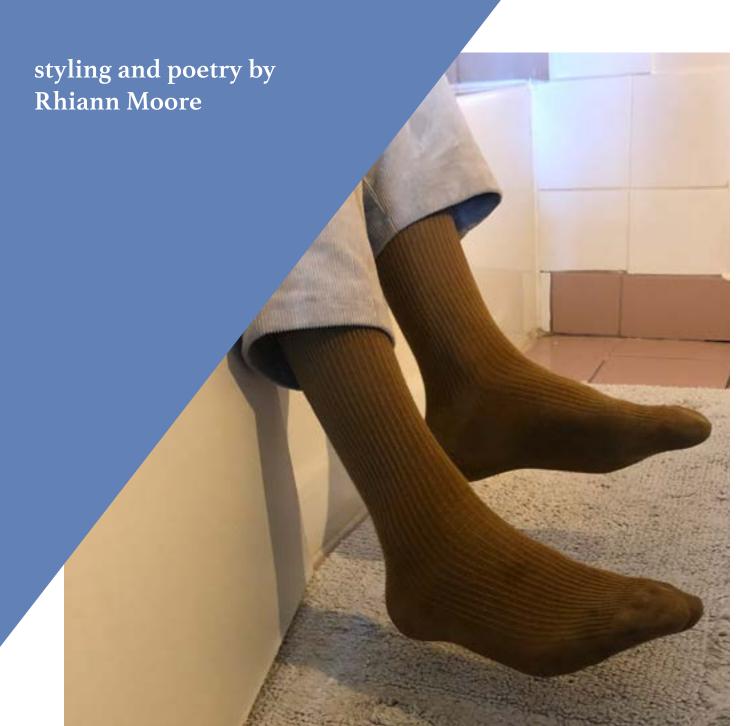
It really is a luxury in these times
I recharge
Talking from my balcony
To grown men falling off skateboards

One of them is a married man
He flirts with me when the sun is down
In the morning he takes his daughter for a bike ride
And acts as if the day has erased me
Or reminded him of the ring on his finger

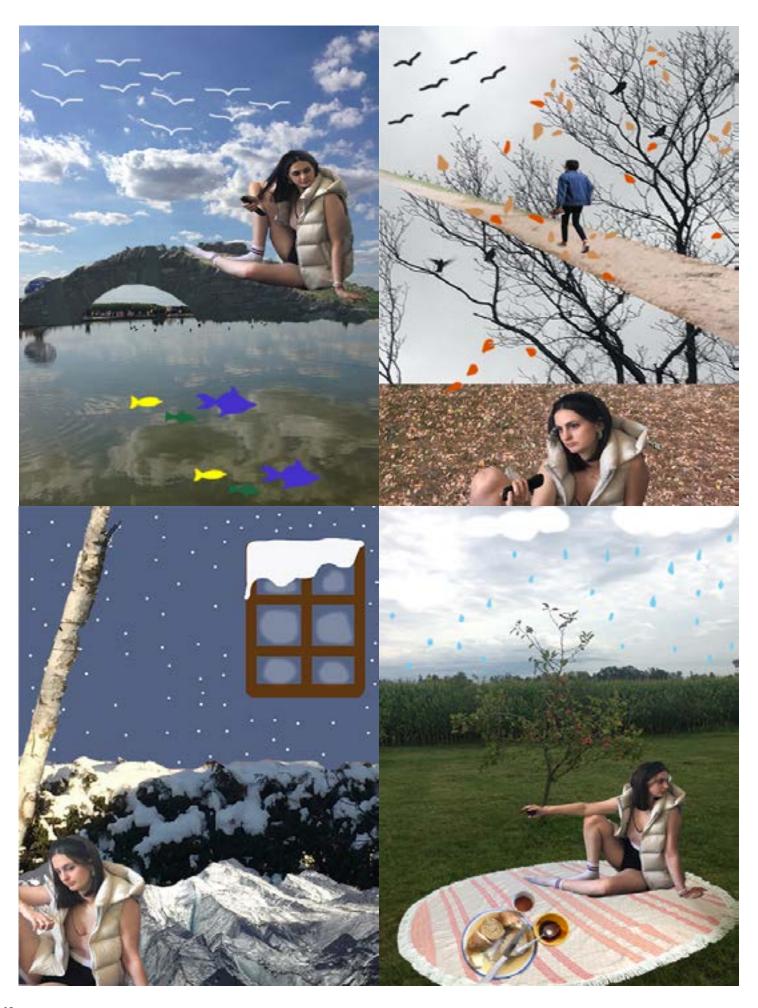
We're getting through this any way we can I suppose I've named every squirrel in this neighbourhood
Now to learn the neighbours names
You can't have too many friends
These days







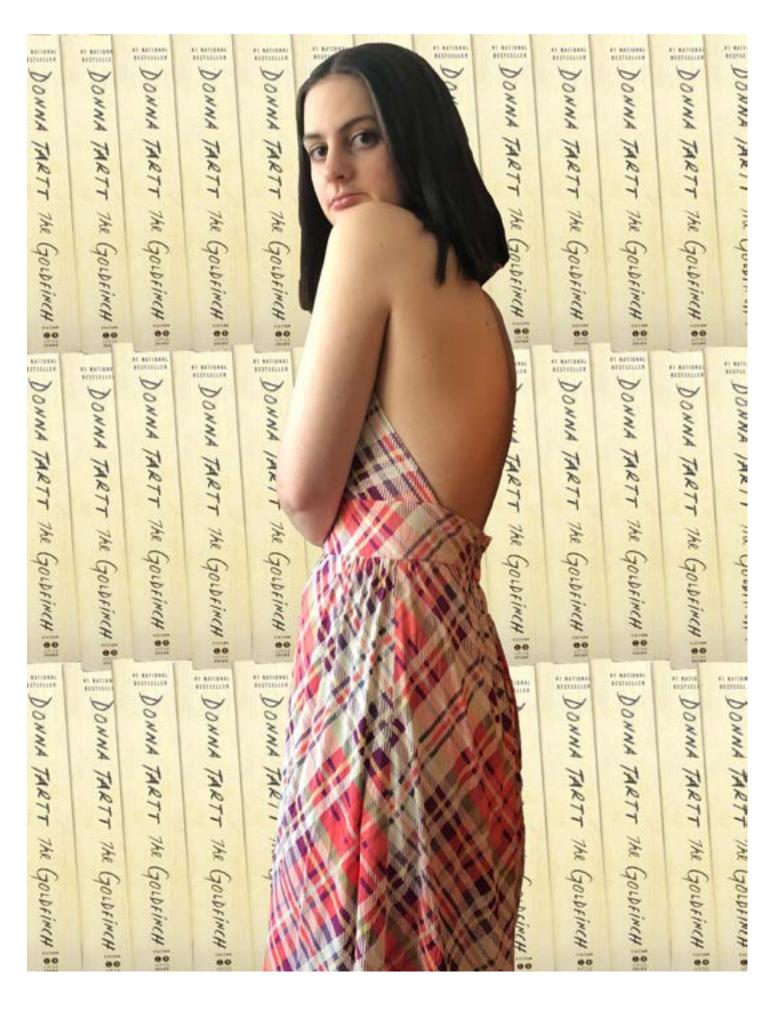




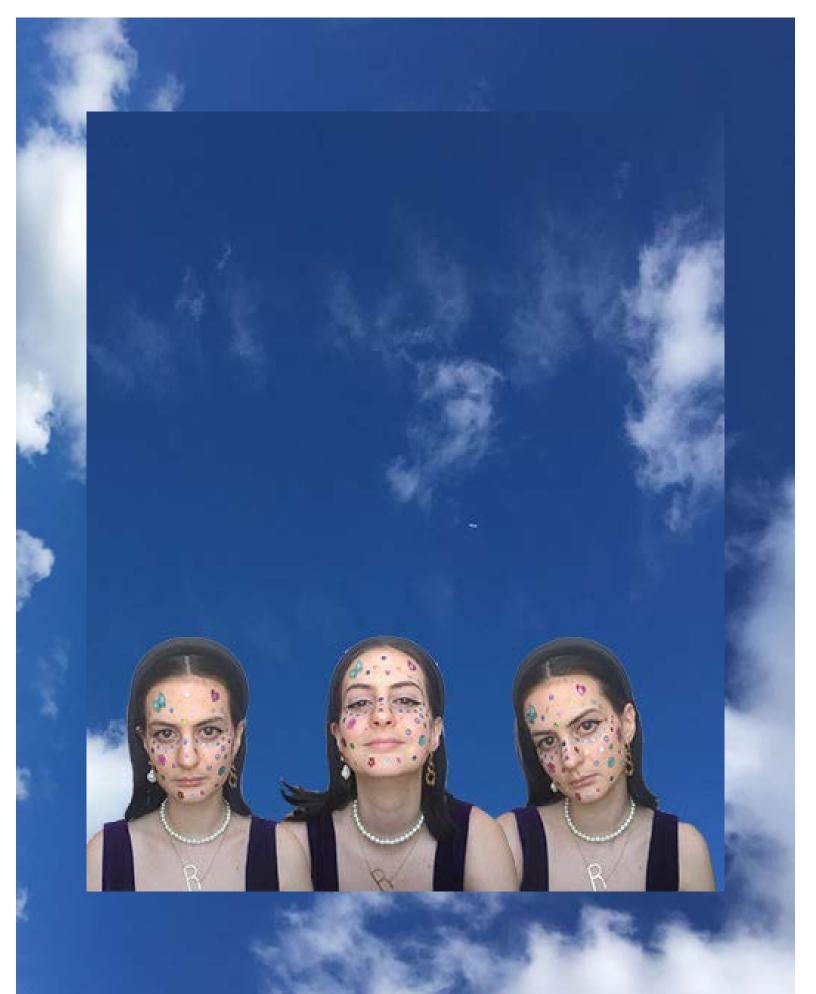












### State of Mind

It's hard to figure out how I feel It's not like I mind terribly Hanging around all day But there's a fog that has settled I can feel it surrounding my mind And my body I long for things I wouldn't strive to do I always felt guilty about a lack of productivity I thought that would go away It's just repurposed to a general feeling Like I am supposed to be somewhere I'm not Like I've missed an appointment Or forgotten plans Or been in the bathroom when everyone decided to sing happy birthday Maybe tomorrow I'll figure it all out

### **Pacing**

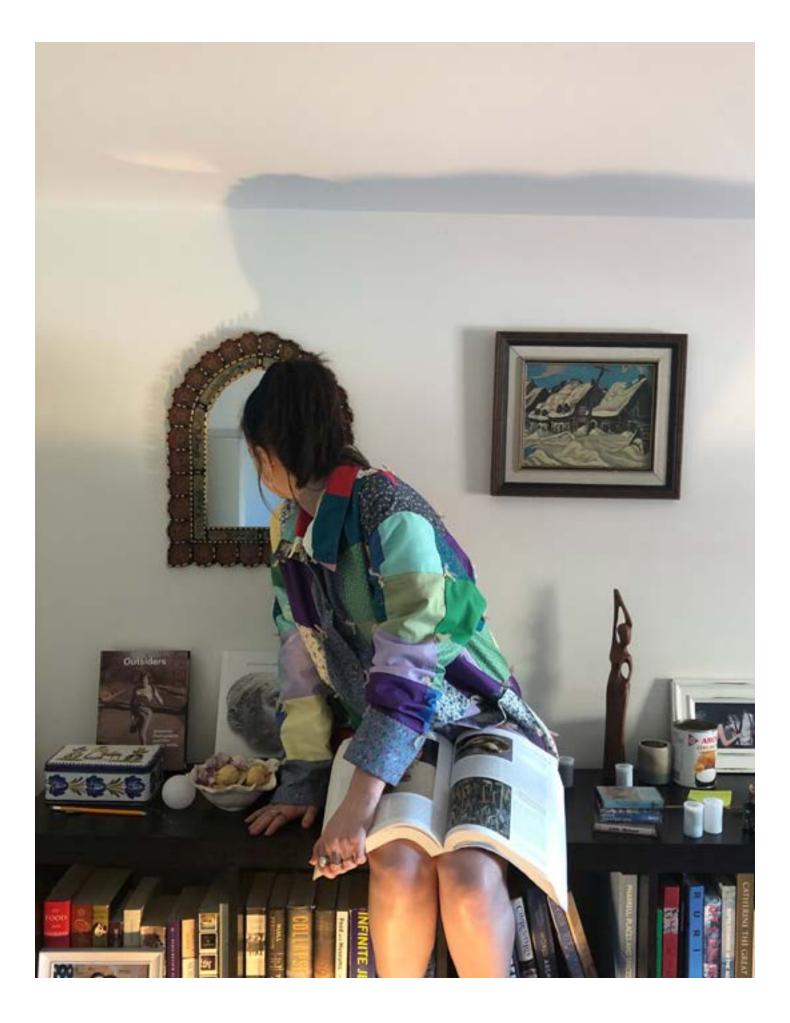
At night I awaken I walk back and forth A very small span of available floor I read somewhere That if you can't sleep you should Get up and walk around So that you do not associate your bed With anything but peaceful rest It also said you should not eat in bed Or use your phone or computer I do those things in bed But still I awaken And pace back and forth A very small span of available floor To fall asleep **Sometimes** It works



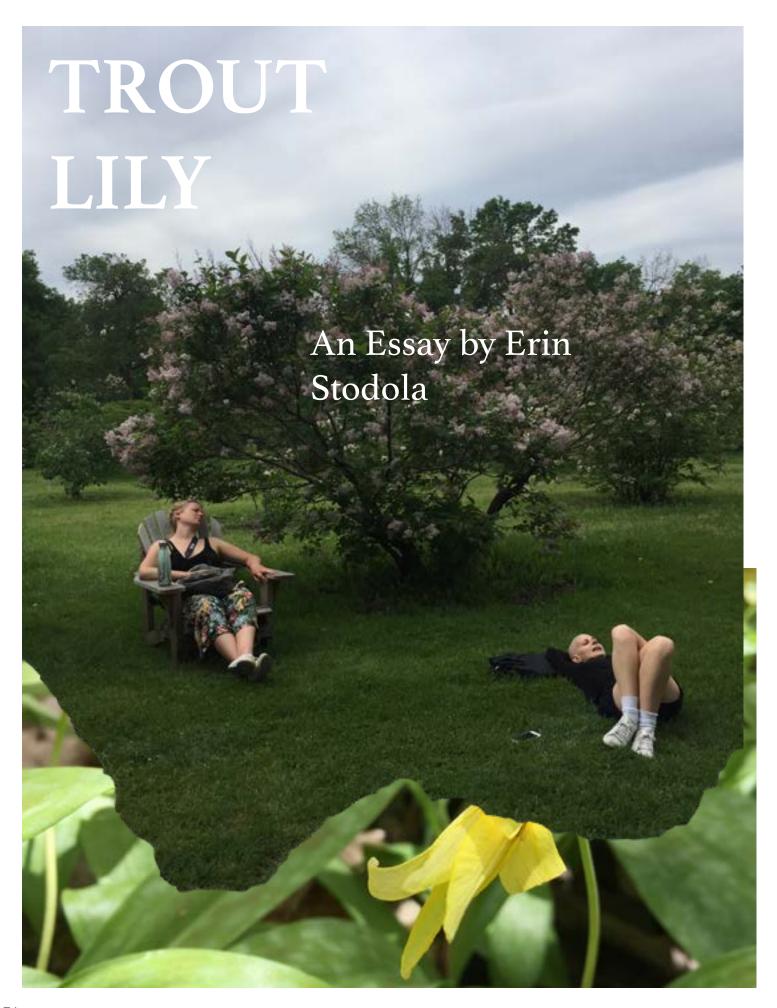
### Time

It's raining outside today Did you know that? I only ask Because at my old place I may never have known It rained The day could go by Complete And how would I know? There is time to create So now I create time I always measured how fully I was living my life And now I worry to live it at all Didn't I want this? I don't think I did It's still raining Will I notice When it stops?









I was alone when I reached that clearing, speckled with dancing trout lilies in dappled light. It was the first days of May and still cool; the wind felt energizing on my skin that hadn't seen outdoors in days. From a perch on a fallen tree, the prolific expanse of five petaled white flowers shimmying with constant motion was mesmerizing and I was glad for the escape from my own circular thoughts. Checking for symptoms, am I okay, what did I touch, how did I mess up, what is that twinge, is the site infected and how would I know, should I call the nurse? The long lily leaves were spotted like the pattern on a trout's body. The petals in full bloom bend back toward the stem and orange stamens stick out like birthday candles.

The relief in that expansive, fresh and silent clearing was overwhelming in contrast to the weeks and months leading up.

I was alone across from a doctor who wasn't mine and who was on the phone saying: I just told a young woman sitting in front of me that she has breast cancer; can you get her in for a consultation tomorrow? I was 29. In that moment, when my blood turned to ice and my head floated, disembodied, in the corner of the office, I knew I was at a precipice - but of what?

A laundry list of activities, thoughts, priorities and fears changed dramatically over the course of the following days. I was facing a major health crisis and, in tandem, an existential crisis. Routine activities - going to work, not talking about cancer all the time, my regular hobbies - were smeared with futility and ridiculousness. Everything was fucking absurd in light of this raging undercurrent. How dare my happy life cancel itself?

In a newly immuno-compromised state courtesy of chemotherapy and multiple surgeries, fear and anxiety was the lingering stench I couldn't get away from. I worried. I sanitized. I scrutinized. I washed and washed. I

wore a mask. I stayed home. I saw few friends. I cried a lot. I felt lazy for not doing anything. I was scared about the future. I took baths because that is where I felt safest - where essential oils dampened the fearful stench.

And yet, in this shitstorm of anxiety and grief, the slow work of processing began to unfurl. I was still. I observed. I learned. I connected deeply. I loved so, so hard. I surrendered. I trusted. I woke up every morning not knowing when and if this would ever be overif my life would ever be normal again. As it turned out, my normal life never did come back. I'm okay with that because it means that I've changed and I like to think that it's for the better. Having cancer forced me to meet challenges I'd have thought impossibly painful and far too big. Some I

took on with less grace than others, but however I met them, doing difficult things made me less afraid. In other words, it made me resilient.

What I hope is that we will draw resiliency from facing these unprecedented times; that we will soon be in a clearing filled with trout lilies, watching shade dance over a blanket of white and green with the scent of damp earth in the air, wondering how the fuck we managed to make it there.



## **Bugs**

A Poem by Jordan Fee

There are a lot of bugs outside
Right now
I don't wish that I could feel them
Because really I hate them
But they seem free

What does such a short life feel like?

Does it feel like anything at all?

They die as they collide

With my window

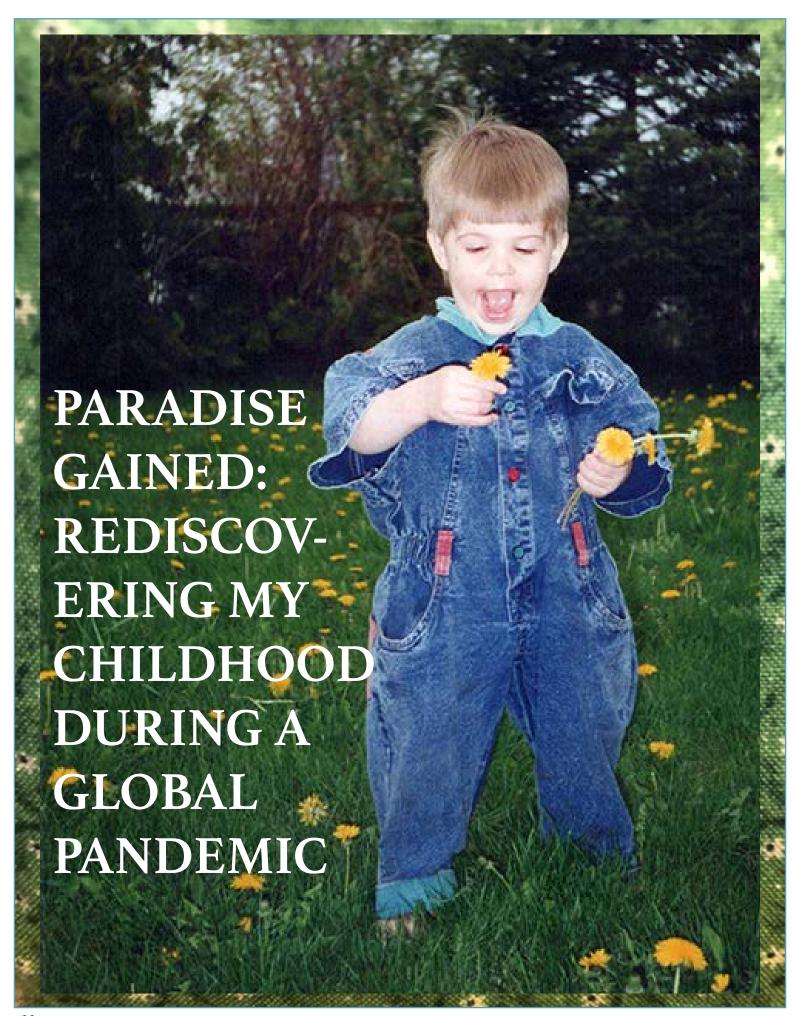
I guess that would suck

But who knows
Maybe it isn't so bad
There's more of them than us
And that matters
Because
I don't know

When I was last outside
One landed on my hand
It seemed odd
That out of everything
It chose me to land on
Like hey
Fuck you dude

I don't usually think about them
But clearly now I do
At least I'm inside
Where there aren't so many bugs
Right now







My Grandmother died two years ago. She was the last of my grandparents, and she was stoic to the point of never revealing any information about her past. Since then, I have to say that I've become somewhat obsessed with the personal history of my own family, and more specifically in how it is manifested in the photographs and videos that we all took of each other during my childhood.

There was a friend of mine who made home movies with his family, and when I was younger, I was always incredibly jealous of him and his siblings. They were always running around, recreating and making parodies of blockbuster movies (think "Indiana Jones and the Closet of Doom), while my family would only choose to capture my sister's dance recitals or the odd Christmas morning.

Now however, I am coming to understand the rare value contained within these humble documents. I recently came into a bundle of photographs that range from the year I was born until approximately 1998, when I was

four years old. While it may be some what of a narcissistic pleasure, I have to say that I am thoroughly enjoying examining these images for the beautiful details that they contain. My mother's fiery red hair, bangs curled inwards; my sister's beaming smile; my early propensity for gratuitous eating. Looking through these photographs at a time like this has offered me great solace and comfort, even if I've seen all of them before. Piling on top of one another, the moments captured in these material objects are in fact quite revelatory. And not only in terms of factual information about the past, but also in terms of our current situation.

For one thing, it has become apparent that life is not a blockbuster. While I will always applaud my young friend and his siblings for making those fake blockbuster movies, it has become clear that big moments can actually turn out to be pretty boring. At the



beginning of all this, I heard joke after joke about the zombie apocalypse, while people surprisingly (to me, at least) chose to watch the movie Contagion. In any case, it turns out that a global health pandemic can sometimes be pretty anticlimactic.

The photographs that I've come back into contact with recently take this fact and give it new meaning. Especially after having spent some time in archives and museums, I am beginning to understand this set of photographs as a true collection. To be honest, some of them are genuinely fantastic photographs – a particular favourite is the one that my father snapped through a set of trees, capturing my mother, my sister and I in front of a brown cabin at what I be-





lieve to be one of the many campsites that we visited in my youth.

Seen through the line of pine trees - not unlike the ones that lined the yard of my childhood home - the three of us are captured in a manner that is earnest, poetic and undisturbed. And while some of the other photographs in these albums may not be as candid as this, I do believe that it is perfectly representative of the beautiful mundanity that I've found in their company.

Unsurprisingly, many of these photographs do in fact contain portraits and snapshots of my sister and I in our youth. Aside from being simply playful, the experience of looking at pictures like these is quite stunning,

almost as if my former self is consoling me from the past. Sure, you could probably say that this is all just me feeling sad about getting older, and some of what I'm saying may in fact be related to that. But I think that this time is causing me to reflect deeply on the slower moments because time is just moving so fucking quickly. Days are passing by without definition, even when you feel like you're doing something special. Time just rolls on, the hours blurring into one another like an unending chain of train cars. Except it just doesn't seem like it's going to stop anywhere.

What I think we are all discovering right now is that escapism doesn't necessarily mean excitement. Cooking; baking; sewing; painting; all justifiably anticlimactic. I mean sure, maybe you're doing a flambé or something at home, but at that point you're just compensating. Like my family photographs, these practices offer a meditative sort of escapism that one can lost oneself in. Otherwise, we would all just lose it.

While I'm not saying that these pho-

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tographs have completely cured my anxiety surrounding our perpetual boredom and isolation, they have nonetheless provided me with the kind of comfort that I need in times like these. And to be honest, I haven't watched any blockbusters. I guess I don't need them after all.



## People A Poem by Jordan Fee

There are a lot of people outside
Right now
They may be wrong but,
I wish that I could be with them
Because I love them

And yet I remain
Witheld by this tranparent barrier
That I look through every day

Must be nice to feel fearless like that And to feel the wind on your face The soft caress of a gentle breeze

Or maybe it's the smell of the fresh grass It's getting warmer after all And people like it that way

I mean, I sure do
And that's the idea right,
That we all feel the same way right now?

I'm feeling like Feeling sucks And I want to be more free

If I could only
Be like one of those people
And just go outside right now



